He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anselme *and his bewtious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces* : Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Uncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.

A faire assemblie, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownde, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One faire then my loue, the all seeing Sun,
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut you saw her faire none else being by.
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue against some other maide:
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Ro. Ile go along no such sight to be shown,

But

But to reioyce in splendor of mine o

Enter Capulets *Wife*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughte

Nurse. *Now by my maidenhead, at come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, Go Wheres this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iulie

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is y

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giu in secret. Nurse come backe again thou se heare our counsel. Thou kno tie age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her age vn*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teet spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourt How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde daye

Nurse. *Euen or odde, of all daies in th night stal she be fourteen.* Susan *and she were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God as I said, on* Lammas *Eue at night shal shee marrie, I remember it well. T eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neue of the yeare vpon that day: for I had t dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doo be when it did taste the worme-wood o felt it bitter, pretie foole, to see it teach Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no and since that time it is a leuen yeares, nay byth roode she could haue run and the day before she broke her brow, and*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.73)